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Voices of the Heart.

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From Mrs James Swift

VOICES OF THE HEART.

BY

FANNY FALES.

"O could we read the human heart,
Its strange, mysterious depths explore,
What tongue could tell, or pen impart
The riches of its hidden lore?"

BOSTON:
B. B. MUSSEY & CO.
.....
1853.

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DEDICATORY LETTER

ADDRESSED TO

T. S. ARTHUR.

My Dear Sir :

I DEDICATE this little volume to your name : a name widely known, deeply respected, and endeared to every lover of pure morality, who has garnered your beautiful and truthful lessons, scattered as they are, like "golden grains over life's harvest field."

If amid the anthem ascending from the ocean of song, a strain from these Voices of the Heart should claim for a moment your ear, and linger pleasantly in memory, it will add a joy to those already brimming my cup;—but, should it fail in that, it will be to you, at least, an indication of the respect, and grateful remembrance of

THE AUTHOR.

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TO THE READER.

The little violet may lift her timid face to the sun, and throw a perfume upon the zephyrs that gather incense from the queen of flowers.

The unfamed shell tossed carelessly by the waves upon the shore, has a tender melody for the ear that bends to listen.

POEMS.

THE HEART IS LIKE THE DEEP.

The heart is like the mystic deep,
Reflecting cloud and star;
And many wrecks, its waters keep,
And rare pearls, down afar.

The heart is like the tuneful deep,
That ripples forth in song;
And tones there are that bid me weep,
And some that cry 'Be strong.'

The heart is like the mournful deep,
Touch'd by an unseen hand;
Dimpling 'neath strains that o'er it sweep,
Soft, beautiful, and grand.

The heart is like the restless deep,
O'er which wild storms are driven;
Where morning smiles, and shadows sleep,
And calm descends from heaven.

The heart is like the changeful wave,
That sparkles on the shore;
Ebbing and flowing, gay and grave,
Its murmurings never o'er.

The tuneful waves, awake, asleep,
Jehovah's praises sing;
O heart! e'en like the mystic deep,
Send up thy offering.

THE DAYS OF LONG-AGO.

Ah once again, fair, winding stream,
I wander by thy shore;
The uplands crowned with silver mist,
Look on thee as of yore;
And here and there, a meadow green,
Spreads out, baptized by thee,
Embroidered with the snowy flocks
That gambol merrily.

The morning sun illumes thy face,
And floods it o'er with gold,—
The mountain eagle dips his wings,
Then soars on pinions bold;
The shepherd boy unrobes in haste,
And plunges in thy tide;
While panting cattle pause to graze
Thy mossy banks beside.

Yon rock, round which the waters curl,
How oft it was the seat,
From which, in girlhood's careless days,
I lav'd my tiny feet;—
A maple casts its shadow broad,
Just o'er the pleasant spot,
And pebbles shone around me there;
It seem'd a Naiad's grot.

A score of little shining pins,
Were in my service prest,
To angle for the spotted trout,
Yet ne'er by nibble blest.
The low brown school house stands anear,
Where A B C's I learned;
And from its mysteries profound,
O how my spirit yearned

To pass the long, bright summer hours
Beside thy rippling stream;
To list the murmur of thy voice,
Like music in a dream;
To gather dewy lily-cups,
And wind them in my hair;—
The very thought had almost power
To cool the sultry air.

That pretty cottage down the lane,
'Mid ancient trees embowered,
Was once my father's, ere a cloud
Upon our fortunes lowered:
The glow of health was on his cheek,
His step was firm, I ween;
And woven in my mother's locks
No silver threads were seen.

The garden orchard downward slopes,
To where a brooklet dances,
And winds within the dark pine grove,
Where scarce the sunlight glances;
Until upon thy breast it sleeps,
A glad child tired with play;
And nestling to its mother's heart,
As evening folds the day.

I wander by the shaded stream,
I wander by the brook;
Once more I am a happy child;
The flowers, a welcome look;
I tread the well known garden path,
And linger by the door;
But quickly drops the lifted latch—
My dream of youth is o'er!

All is unchanged, and yet how changed!
The cot, the streamlet blue,
Are e'en as when a little girl,
I wept to say, adieu;
Scarce one remembered face I see,
And some I loved are low;
Alas! they ne'er will come again,
The days of long-ago!

COME HOME.

Oh! I am weary waiting for thy coming,
The eyes are full of tears that watch in vain;
Like a sick bird, my heart no longer humming,
With drooping wing, sits silent in its pain.
Come home!

Our little rose-bud on my breast is sleeping,—
O could you see it day by day unfold,
You 'd fancy wealth already in our keeping,
And feel in her you 'd found a "vein of gold."
Come home!

A tint of brown lies on her golden tresses,—
A heavenly light within her soft blue eyes,—
Her ruby mouth two little pearls caresses,—
She lisps "Papa"—but, O! no voice replies.
Come home!

The blue-bird cometh when the winter passes,—
The bud returneth to the leafless stem;
The brook will dance along by emerald grasses,—
They come with spring-time; oh, come thou with *them!*

Come home!

I could be patient were not life so fleeting;
But, oh! we're passing grave-ward day by day;
Let my fond heart thy presence feel while beating:
Oh my beloved! hasten on thy way.

Come home!

Come like a star upon the cheerless even,
Come like the dew upon a drooping flower;
Come like forgiveness to the erring given,
Come like a blessing sought for every hour.

Come home!

EVEN-FALL.

How beautiful—how beautiful
The setting of the sun;
His farewell glance upon the clouds,
And kiss upon each one;
His parting gifts of lovely hues,
Inimitable all;
His backward glance, and smile of love,
That brighten where they fall.

And then, when veiled from the sight,
And shadows slowly creep,
How silently, how silently,
The gentle cloudlets weep;
And every tiny blade of grass,
The lily and the rose,
Receive the glist'ning tears that fall,
At crimson sunset's close.

Then cometh Twilight; in her arms
A pure and shining star;

I dream it is a smiling babe,
Upon her breast afar.
The loved, the dear departed ones,
Come stealing to my side;
They gather, gather, gather near,
Though sundered far and wide.

I know that with a holy love,
Their faces on me beam,—
I clasp them fondly as of yore,
In spirit, while I dream.
'Tis beautiful! 'tis beautiful!
The farewell of the day,
When every little blossom folds
Its dewy hands to pray.

Methinks each opening, dying hour,
A flow'ret's name should bear;
And Pansy* I would christen this,
For thought is nestling there.
I would that death might o'er me steal
As gently as the even:
My mem'ry be like yonder star,
My home its azure heaven.

---

* "There's Pansies that's for thought."

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, let me feel her sweet, warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes, and I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure, scarcely given e'er I go,—
Feel her rosy dimpled fingers wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed shore appears,—
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest, let me kiss away thy tears.
Wrestle with thy grief, as Jacob strove from midnight until day;
It may leave an angel's blessing, when it vanishes away.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long she
can be there,—
See! how to my heart she nestles,—'t is the pearl
I love to wear;—
If in after years, beside thee sits another in my
chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music, and my face
than her's less fair,

If a cherub call thee Father, far more beautiful
than this,
Love thy first-born, oh my husband! turn not
from the motherless.
Tell her sometimes of her mother,—you will call
her by my name,—
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,—if she errs,
oh gently blame.

Lead her sometimes where I 'm sleeping, I will
answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets, when my
voice in blessing falls.
Her soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder
whence it came,—
In her heart when years pass o'er her, she will
find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal walks between two
angels here,—
One records the *ill*, but blots it, if before the
midnight drear
Man repenteth; if uncancel'd, then he seals it for
the skies,
And the right-hand angel weepeth, bowing low
with veiled eyes.

I will be her right-hand angel, sealing up the good
for heaven,
Striving, that the midnight watches find no mis-
deed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, darling, when I'm sleep-
ing 'neath the sod?
Love the babe upon my bosom, as I love thee,—
next to God.

I WOULD BE FREE.

I would be free!
E'en as a bird that sings on upward wing—
As the bright waters gushing from a spring—
As a cool breeze that fans the brow of Even—
Or white clouds floating lily-like in heaven.

I would be free,
To wander viewless as a spirit blest—
Reclaim the erring—cheer the troubl'd breast,—
And whisper hope to those in slavery's chain,
'God is o'er all—ye will be free again.'

I would be free
From tyrant fashions, and from gilded snares;
From foolish fancies, and from vexing cares;
I would not *fawn* to win a proud man's nod,
And fear no evil but the frown of God.

I would be free,
And freedom's blessings shower on all below;
Banish each spirit-fetter full of woe,
And cruel laws that sunder kindred ties,
And make God's noble image merchandize.

I would be free!
Captive no longer to the sins that bind,
No selfish passion should enthral my mind;
No worshiped idols chain my heart to earth,—
Oh, they would perish by my darkened hearth.

And I would be
Glad as the lark,—pure as the mountain rill,—
Like summer winds, refreshing joy distil
To the faint spirit, while on earth I stay:
Then, like a bright cloud, float to upper day.

TRUST IN GOD.

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

If night upon the wave
Descends with tempests, that the deep awake;
And angry billows every timber shake
In the proud ship; and breakers bellow near;
Though my heart shudder with a sudden fear,
O Father! Thou canst save;—
I'll trust in Thee.

If fierce disease should steal
Along my veins, which art could not control;
And almost broken seems the "golden bowl;"
Though the dim angel hover very near,
And my heart fainteth with a solemn fear,
O Father! Thou canst heal;—
I'll trust in Thee.

If some, my heart holds dear,
Wander in distant lands, 'mid ruins old,
Or on the shores where earth is vein'd with gold,
Though sad forebodings fill each waking dream,
Yet through the clouds a silvery light doth beam;
O Father! Thou canst hear;—
I'll trust in Thee.

If on the spotless fame
Of one I love, should fall the blight of sin;
And the fair temple, angels sat within,
Become a darkened and polluted spot;
Though by men cast off,—loathed, and forgot,
Thou, Father, canst reclaim;—
I'll trust in Thee.

HOME AGAIN.

Breath of sweetest early flowers,
Dawn of golden summer hours,
Glancing of the swallow's wing
On the low eaves in the spring,
Bring no joy like this refrain,
'Home again,—home again.'

Sounds of merry little feet,
Flying out my own to meet,
Clasping of soft hands in mine,
Glances that with pleasure shine,
Kisses showered around like rain—
'Home again,—home again.'

Sitting by the glowing hearth,
With the best beloved of earth,—
Leaning on the faithful breast,
Where contentedly I rest;
Relinked in love's holy chain,—
'Home again,—home again.'

Not the Orphean lyre of old,
Such delicious music told,
As the loving words I hear,
Falling softly on my ear;
Balm for weariness and pain,—
'Home again,—home again.'

NO MORE.

Marie, Marie!
I call thy name, but oh! no sound replyeth,
Save a low moan within my grieving heart;
And the night-wind that round my casement sigheth;
They only answer, and I feel thou art
No more!

Marie, Marie!
Thou so beloved, so beautiful and good!
Thou sleepest like the sisterhood of flowers;—
Flown like a spring-bird from the wintry wood;—
Thou wilt come singing through our earthly bowers
No more!

Marie, Marie!
I'm thinking of one glorious summer's day,
When, by the lake that dimples near the wood,
I sat with thee till twilight fled away;—
But thy glad voice will wake its solitude
No more!

Marie, Marie!
One pure white lily floated on the lake;
I thought 'twas like thyself, so fair and sweet,
And now I'll call it *Marie*, for thy sake;
For thou, and I, amid the flowers shall meet
No more!

Marie, Marie!
Within my shadowed heart thine image glows;
I see the rose-leaf cheek, the soft brown eyes;
A nameless charm expression o'er it throws,—
Life seemeth there, but oh! in thee it lies
No more!

Marie, Marie!
Wilt thou not waken with the rose in June?
Wilt fly to us, sweet dove, from Eden's shore?
It cannot be! but I shall meet thee soon,
Where parting sorrow fills the heart no more—
No more!

A THANKSGIVING-DAY SCENE.

Around the old familiar hearth,
A loving group have met;
A grandsire with his silver locks,
On earth a lingerer yet;
A mother with her mild, sweet face,—
The babe upon her knee;
The absent ones returned again,
Join in the jubilee.
A maiden, like some lovely flower,
That scents the breath of spring;
And children, like a wreath of buds,
Adorn the gathering.

Now brightly burns the festal fire,
And eyes as brightly beam;
While merry voices stir the heart,
Like a delightful dream.
Kind words, like Hermon's sacred dew,

From lips beloved fall:
And little ones with careless glee,
Make music in the hall.
But as the evening shadows creep
O'er hill and valley fair,
The grandsire clasps his withered hands,
And all bend low in prayer.

Why gathers in the old man's eye
A bright and burning tear?
He thinks of one beyond the stars,
Who was his sunbeam here;—
He gazes on her vacant chair,
Then bows his lonely head;
Alas! how many hearts to-day
Sigh for a dear one dead!
Thus, ever mingled with our joys,
Will come the sad regret;—
The yearning heart pines for the lost,
And never can forget.

NIGHT.

"The day is for the work-shop of life; the night is its diurnal Sabbath."—A. Stevens.

How still! how beautiful! the balmy air
Toys with the tresses of the willow near;
And rocks, with fingers light, the lily fair,
Cradled, like Moses, by the waters clear.

In light and shade the uplands sleeping lie;
And through dim woods Diana's arrows quiver;
And stars, the harps of angels, gem the sky,
Tuned to the praises of the Lamb forever.

How still! how beautiful! the placid deep,
Flooded with moonlight, stretches far away;
And calm-bound ships upon its bosom sleep,
Like white-winged sea gulls, waiting for the day.

How like the Sabbath comes the holy night!
Serene, and pure, the blessed time of rest;
Peopling the earth with angel spirits bright,—
Op'ning the temple of the heart for worship blest.

THE BRIDE'S SISTER'S FAREWELL.

O sister, darling, though I smile, hot tears are in
my heart,
But I will strive to keep them there, or hide them
if they start;
I know you 've seen our mother's glance oft'times
o'er full of woe;
The grief-sob rises to the lips, that bid her first-
born go.

It is not that she doubts his love, to whom thou'st
given thine,—
The fear that he may coldly look upon his clasp-
ing vine;
But O she feels, however loved and cherished as
his wife,
However calm her lily floats a-down the stream
of life;

Yet sometimes threatening clouds will rise, and
dim thy sunniest day,
And silent tears steal down thy cheek, though
kissed by love away;
And she will not be near her flown, to lay it on
her breast,—
'Tis thus—'tis thus the young birds fly and leave
a lonely nest!

O sister, darling, I shall miss thy foot-fall on the
stair,
Beside my own, when good-night words have
followed evening prayer;
And miss thee from our pleasant room, and miss
thee when I sleep;
And feel no more thy twining arms and soft
breath when I weep.

And I shall gaze with tearful eyes upon thy
vacant chair,—
Sweet sister, wherefore, wherefore go? 'tis more
than I can bear!
Forgive me, Lizzie, do not weep,—I'm strong
again and calm,
"Our Father" for my aching heart will send a
spirit-balm.

Now let me bind this snowy veil amid thy silken
hair;
The white moss-rose, and orange-buds, upon thy
bosom fair;
How beautiful you are to-night! does love such
charms impart?
An angel's wing, methinks, has stirred the waters
of your heart;

So holy seem its outlets blue, where sparkle yet
the tears,
Like stars that tremble in the sky when not a
cloud appears.
Art ready now? The evening wanes; the guests
will soon be here,—
And the glad bridegroom waits his own. God
bless thee, sister dear!

'YES, AS A CHILD.'

" Not as a child shall we again behold her."
LONGFELLOW.

O say not so! how shall I know my darling,
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair?
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,
How shall I know her there?
On memory's page, by viewless fingers painted,
I see the features of my angel-child;
She passed away, ere sin her soul had tainted,—
Passed to the undefiled.

O say not so! for I would clasp her, even
As when below she lay upon my breast;
And dream of her as my fair bud in heaven,
Amid the blossoms blest.
My little one was like a folded lily,
Sweeter than any on the azure wave;
But night came down, a starless night, and chilly;
Alas! we could not save!

Yes, as a child, serene and noble poet,
(O heaven were dark, were children wanting there!)
I hope to clasp my bud as when I wore it;
A dimpled baby fair.
Though years have flown, toward my blue-eyed daughter,
My heart yearns oft'times with a mother's love;
Its never-dying tendrils now enfold her,—
Enfold my child above.

E'en as a *babe*, my little blue-eyed daughter,
Nestle and coo upon my heart again;
Wait for thy mother by the river-water,—
It shall not be in vain!
Wait as a child;—how shall I know my darling,
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair?
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,
How shall I know her there?

THE APRIL SUN-SHOWER.

Sparkling in the sun-light,
  Dancing on the hills,
Tapping on my window,
  Singing in the rills,
Comes the pleasant sun-shower,
  Like a glad surprise,
While I gaze with wonder
  On the changeful skies.

I 'll forth to the wood-lands,—
  Violets are awake;
Gaily sings the red-breast,
  Hiding in the brake.
Through the budding forest
  Not a zephyr sighs;—
Soft the air, and dreamy
  As a lover's eyes.

Pleasant is the warm rain
  Dropping on my brow,
As the tears that fell
  From eyes that slumber now.
Look! what bright mosaic
  Arches all the west!
Resting on the uplands,—
  On old ocean's breast!

Is it but a portal
  To homes in yonder blue,
That the viewless angels
  E'en now enter through?
Looking down the vista
  Of the years I've trod,
Mem'ry brings life's sun-showers.
  Thanks to thee, O God,

That so few the storm-clouds
  Whence no sun-light streamed;
That so oft a rainbow
  On their darkness beamed;
Through which hopes, like angels,
  Passed adown from heaven;
Through which praise ascended,
  For a blessing given.

MORE AIR! MORE LIGHT!

"More air! more light!" were the words of a dying friend.

Dearest, more air! more air!
Throw up the casement, let it lift my hair;
Let it around my dying temples play,
While yet I linger on my home-ward way;
Oh sweet it is on earth, but sweeter *there*,
In heaven, where all is fair.

Give me, too, light, more light!
That I may see the hand that claspeth mine;—
Shut not the morning from these weary eyes;
I never, never more shall see it rise:
Let the bright sun-light on my pillow shine;
Dearest, more light! more light!

Will ye not give me light,
That I may see thy face, my noble boy,

Close to thy mother's, bending o'er me low?
Or is it Death that veileth all below?
Ah, yes! but heaven, so full of light and joy,
Dawns on me now! 'tis light!

Now in celestial air,
His weary spirit bathes her spotless wings;—
Freed from the dust of earth it folds them there,
Close by the river pure, where all is fair;
And re-united with beloved ones, sings;—
She sings forever there.

VERMONT.

"THE STAR THAT NEVER SETS."

Where with stars are crown'd the mountains,
Far away,
Gush from rocks the silvery fountains,
In their play;
Where the forests, deep and olden,
Scarce admit the sun-light golden;
Where the rivers flow on, singing
Soft and low;
And the water-falls are ringing
Down below,
Tumbling, plashing, foaming madly,
Where the vales are smiling gladly,
Filled with flocks but newly shorn,
Fair as morn,
'Mid the mountains, I was born,
I was born!

There the snow-white cot reposes,
By the mill;
O'er it climbing prairie roses,
Clinging still;
And the farm-house, old and roomy,
Glimmers through the hemlocks gloomy;
There the fields are fair as Aidenn,
Blossoming;
And the maples, sugar-laden
In the spring;
There the people, noble hearted,
Ne'er from liberty departed;
Free as their own mountain air,
Each a Tell,
Were a Gesler weaving there
Tyrant's spell.

There in autumn woods I pondered,
Woods so gay;
With my blue-eyed sisters wandered,
Far away;
Weaving crowns from leaflets frost-bright,
In the sweet October sun-light;
Filled with shining nuts my apron,
Burden light,
From the chestnut, newly shaken,

With delight.
Scared the squirrel from his hiding—
See him o'er the stone wall gliding!
Where the mountains woo the sky,
Soaring high,
Passed my childhood merrily,
Merrily.

My mountain home! my early home!
How to thee
My heart turns, wheresoe'er I roam,
Silently.
O "Star that never sets," thy child
Dreams of thee near the ocean wild!
There sat I on my father's knee,
Father dear;—
But now he's sleeping peacefully,
Sleeping near;—
A mother's arms were 'round me thrown,
No loss our household band had known;
With brothers sought I wood and stream,
Gurgling stream;
There passed my childhood, like a dream,
Like a dream.

MOTHERLESS.

To mark the wasting of the cheek to which thine
own has lain,—
To feel the quickening of the pulse and know it
is from pain,—
To clasp the snowy hand in thine and feel its
pressure less,—
O God! to gaze on her and know thou wilt be
motherless!

To turn, and leave her in the grave,—the bitterest
hour of all,—
The dear old homestead, it is dark, and silence
in the hall;—
To shun all earthly comforters in thine untold
distress,
And feel that none are desolate, who are not
motherless.

To sit beside her vacant chair and dream of days
gone by;—

May be thy cold or careless words have made her
bosom sigh ;
You may have torn her clasping heart, and yet it
clung not less,—
You start and cry—forgive! forgive! but oh!
are motherless.

To see her in thy troubled dreams,—she bendeth
o'er thy bed;
Her soft, her cool and loving hand upon thy
burning head;
She pointeth upward, and her lips thy fevered
forehead press ;—
You rise and know that she is near, you are *not*
motherless.

SPRING.

She is with us! she is with us!
For I list her gentle sigh,
And her music tones of gladness,
Floating through the branches dry.
Now the south wind lifts the carpet
Spread beneath the forest old;
Waketh up the scented violet
From her bed of richest mould.

Softly trills the little sparrow,
Pecking seeds from out the sod;
And the robin, o'er me flying,
Lifts his anthem up to God.
To the hollow oak returneth,
Yet again, the blue-bird bright!
And the quail beside the hedges
Runs and whistles with delight.

Now the brooklet is unfettered,
Swollen by the melted snow;
Shining like a thread of silver,—

Singing through the vale below;
Tokens of the happy spring time,
On the hill-side by the brook;
Emerald grasses, velvet mosses,
Smile from many a sunny nook.

On the cottage eaves alighting,
Swallows in the sun-light sing;
Filling all the air around me
With their joyous twittering.
O'er the deep blue upper ocean,
Little white-wing'd barges fly;
Melting out, like fairy phantoms,
'Neath the day-god's burning eye.

Sap is welling, leaf-buds swelling,
Springing towards their shining goal;
Bursting from their darkened dwelling,
Like the freed immortal soul.
Spring is with us! she is with us!
New life wakes in every vein;
Fresh hopes in my heart are welling,
As I welcome her again!

"DO NOT CRY, MOTHER, SISTER'S HAPPY."

The above words were addressed by little Mary, nine years of age, to her mother who was weeping for the loss of her twin child. Too poor to purchase a coffin, she solicited one of the city authorities, and was now bearing it on her head through the crowded street to her wretched home.

I see her now!—
The faded garments scarce suffice
To shield her from November skies;
Yet, doth she bow
With woman's meekness to her lot;
By all, except her God—forgot.

With hurried tread,
She passes by the gay and proud,
Bearing a coffin and a shroud,
Upon her head;
While Mary, through the cold and sleet,
Trips by her side with naked feet.

Home, home at last!
E'en such as would make Pity's eye
With tears o'erflow;—no friend is nigh;—
Her eyes are cast,
O'er full, upon her dead child's face,
On which a heavenly smile I trace.

Anear her stands
The twin-bud, from her heart that grew,
With soft eyes like the violet blue,
And tiny hands
Clasped tightly, in her sorrow deep,
Watching her sister's silent sleep.

Tender and low,
On her sweet voice float angel words,
Cheering the heart like summer birds:
"O weep not so
Mother, for sister's happy now,—
A radiant crown is on her brow.

"*My* feet are bare,
Pinched with cold, and blistered too;
But sister feels not chill, or dew;
And, mother, *there*
In yon blue Heaven she hungers not,
As we do now—alone—forgot."

Thy years are few,
Thou child of want and wretchedness;
But oh, thou hast a power to bless,
Like silent dew;
Though poor, yet doth thy spirit bear
Gems of more worth than diamonds rare.

OH MINSTREL, PRAISE NO MORE THE CUP.

Oh Minstrel, praise no more the cup
In which the wine is blushing;
Drink to the dearest, but fill up
With crystal water gushing.

There's *danger* in the goblet fair,
In which the red wine beameth;
Beware! beware! the lava, there,
A worthless ruin leaveth.

There's *sorrow* in the revel-cup,
Where hopes like crushed pearls lie;—
Drink to the absent,—but fill up
With nectar from the sky.

Away the cup! there's *ruin* there,
And noisy, sickening mirth;
The reeling brain, the vacant stare,
And anguish *there* have birth.

I know thou hast a noble soul,
Kind, generous, unchained;
Then praise no more the Bach'nal bowl,
To tempt the lip unstained.

Aye, fear to wake the slumbering flame
Of passions, that transform
The God-like soul, till but the name
Of man is left,—a wreck forlorn!

Then laud no more the goblet bright;—
A thoughtless word has power,
Oft'times, a fearful flame to light,
Unquenched by tears that shower.

Raise lightly up the festal cup,
And pledge the good and brave;
But not in wine;—fill up! fill up!
With cool drink from the wave.

MY FATHER.

I see him not;—around the room I look;—
There stands his chair, and there the open book,
With pages marked, upon his table lying,
From which he read, while, gently, life was flying.

I hear him not;—I listen for him yet;
The greeting kind, with which he daily met
Me at the door; I miss his feeble tone,
His slow, faint foot-fall,—oh the sound hath flown!

Yet he is near, although I hear him not;—
Though he is viewless as a hidden thought;—
Though I shall clasp his withered hand no more,
He loves and watches o'er me as before.

Oh father! father! dost thou hear thy child?
Seest thou the anguish in my bosom wild?
Dost note the tears that down my pale face creep,
The vain regrets that haunt me e'en in sleep?

Oh then forgive each act that ever grieved;—
Each word undutiful from me received;—
Tones that fell coldly on thy loving heart,
While I was all unconscious of the dart!

Thou wilt! thou wilt! I love and mourn the dead;—
Soon shall I sleep beside thy frost-bound bed;—
Then to my soul may spotless robes be given,
That I may with thee, father, rest in Heaven.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! good night! I know, dear one,
My voice thou canst not hear;
But I would waft it, ere I sleep,
Unto thy spirit's ear.

Good night! good night! how much of love
In simplest words is thrown;
If given with affection's glance,
In sweet and gentle tone.

Good night! good night! I'll dream of thee,
And fancy thou art near;
Answer me, dearest;—though afar,
My listening heart will hear.

Good night! good night! may angels watch
Beside thee calmly sleeping;
And shield thee with their gentle wings,
From every danger keeping.

Good night! good night! upon thy heart,
Beloved, I would rest,
As doth the star upon the wave,
When night steals o'er the west.

Good night! good night! within thy heart
Hold me, as lilies sweet
Enclose the pale moon's silver ray;—
'Tis *night until we meet!*

DEATH OF MRS. OSGOOD.

I 'm passing through the Eternal gates,—
Ere June's sweet roses blow
Death's lovely angel leads me there,
And it is sweet to go.

MRS. OSGOOD.

"'Tis sweet to go"—thus sang she like a bird;
Her joyous wings freed from their fragile prison;
And, O, what rapture her pure spirit stirred,
As leaving earth, she, lark-like, sang to Heaven.

Her graceful form has faded from my vision;
The lute is silent that she touched below;
But O she clasps her babe in fields Elysian,
And smiling, singeth—"It is sweet to go."

She stayed not for the waking of June roses,—
An angel led her where they're fairer far;
How gently on his bosom she reposes!
"'Twas sweet to go"—and Heav'n has gained a star.

TO MEMORY.

Oh Memory dear!
Why wilt thou wander in the darkened past,
Like a lone dove above the waters wild?
For oh, no olive may'st thou bear at last
Unto earth's sorrowing, earth's arkless child.

Oh Memory sad!
Bring me no more the voices of the loved,
Whose gentle tones I ne'er again shall hear;
Bring not the forest paths, where oft I roved
With those now sleeping in the church-yard drear.

Oh Memory sad!
Bring me no dream of joys that come no more!
Such mournful gifts my spirit cannot bear—
The hopes that ruined while a smile they wore,—
The broken friendships, and love false as fair.

Oh Memory sad!
Bring ne'er again the gaze of loving eyes,—
Those soft, dark eyes, that wept upon my heart
'Mid the farewell unspoken;—sundered ties,—
O! how their mem'ry bids the hot tears start!

But, Memory sweet!
Bring to my yearning spirit sunny hours,—
The few that cheered me on life's desert way,
Like the oasis, with its dewy flowers,
Glad'ning the waste where weary trav'lers stray.

Oh Memory sweet!
Bring to my heart the soothing draught it craves,
Show it some ray of light from by-gone hours;—
Reveal a rainbow o'er the darkened wave,
Sad, sweet memory—bring thy fairest flowers!

I PRAY FOR THEE, MOTHER.

I pray for thee every night, mother;
I pray for thee every night,
When the shadows fall
Like a mist, o'er all,
And the vesper star shines bright.

I kneel in my chamber dim, mother,
Where the soft wind's touch I note,
And the breathings mild,
Of my sleeping child,
On the waves of silence float.

I pray that the star of Hope, mother,
May dawn on thy darkened way;
That love, like the air
Of the summer fair,
May some joy distil each day.

That sadness and grief may fade, mother,
Like dreams that return no more;

And the tears that flow
Be of joy,—not woe,—
Till thy life's lone journey is o'er.

At the gate of every joy, mother,
Lo! a Mordecai sits!
But never despair,—
The seeming ill there
Our Father for good permits.

In the darkest cloud that frowns, mother,
His merciful smile I see;
Look up, while bowed,
To the smile in the cloud,—
A daughter prays for thee.

A WELCOME HOME.

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
BYRON.

O the coming of rose-time is pleasant and sweet,
With skies bright as ever were seen ;—
But a glad voice to welcome my home-return'd feet,
A warm hearted greeting when loved ones I meet,
They are brighter, and sweeter, I ween.

A hand to clasp mine as I enter the door,
Affection to answer my own ;
To sit in its sun-light, my wanderings o'er,
While my heart softly sings, like the Memnon of yore,
That the long night of absence hath flown.

I care not for riches, I ask not for fame,
But a tear of regret when I roam ;
And love that will follow me ever the same,

And eyes that will brighten when speaking my
name,
And a warm heart to welcome me home.

There are some that await me in yonder fair sky,—
In dreams to my pillow they come;
And I know there 'll be joy in my father's blue
eye,
And my darling, my dove, to my bosom will fly,
When I enter their beautiful home.

ISABEL.

THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

My little wife has soft gray eyes,—
  If light or dark, I scarce can tell;
So deep the jetty fringe that lies
  Around each truth-containing well;—
I know the winning power that lies
Within thy soft, gray, twilight eyes,
                My Isabel.

Her busy fingers all the day,
  To sweet, contented thoughts keep time;
Each duty done in quiet way,
  Our home she makes a sunny clime
Where I may turn from chilling strife,
To her my beautiful—my wife,—
                My Isabel.

She listens for my step at Eve,
  And brightly smiles when I appear;
She saddens if a day I leave;
  Fair tyrant! she would hold me near!

Oh I should be a wretch to grieve,
Neglect, or cruelly deceive
My Isabel.

If I am merry, oh how rings
Her laughter, musical and low;
If sad and silent, then she flings
Around my neck her arms of snow;
If sickness comes, she soothes and tends,
And o'er me like an angel bends,
My Isabel.

If she has faults, yet I have more;
(No one is perfect here below;)
My own she throws love's mantle o'er;
And her's, I scarce can call them so;—
I know she steals away at Even,
To pray that each may be forgiven;
My Isabel.

I bless the day, my Isabel,
I bore thee from thy parent nest;
Within my humble cage to dwell,
And nestle to my heart at rest;—
To fold thy wings beside my hearth,
Until by angels called from earth;
My Isabel.

SUMMER.

With violet eyes,
And breath as balmy as love's holy kiss,
Thrilling like that, with sweetest happiness,
Glad summer flies.

The shaded brook
Dances like childhood the fair vale along,
Mingling delicious coolness with its song;
And every nook,

Where the bees dream,—
Bears on its velvet bosom flow'rets fair;
God's smiles, beaming and blessing every where,
By wood and stream.

The forests dim,
Are full of melodies, ascending up,
Like grateful words, from the heart's o'erfull cup;
Incense to Him.

At evening still,
The whippoorwill's lone plaintive voice I hear,
Calling so tenderly afar and near;
"Whip-poor-will!"

Fair as a dream,
And brief as fair, the summer hours so bright;—
Orchards outspread, and like a snow-fall light,
Their blossoms seem.

Sweet June roses,
Climbing the trellis,—through the lattice creeping;—
Oh! how their odor sets me thinking, weeping;—
For one reposes

Low with the dead,
One who planted, watched their budding, closing;
Faded, as they will,—oh! sad, thus reposing,
Ere *they* have fled!

Linger yet, here,
Beautiful summer! gentle as a tear!
To live is exquisite, while thou art here,
Oh summer dear!

Linger yet here!
Stay, with thy zephyrs, and thy blossoms glowing;
Thine azure eyes are full of love o'erflowing,
Oh summer dear!

Fold thy wings here!
Nestle beside me, bird of beauty sweetest;
Fly not, like youth and hope, on pinion fleetest,
Oh summer dear!

A MOTHER'S OFFERING.

My babe, to thy low couch I bring
Flowers—they are love's own offering;—
Look from thy blissful home above,
Thy mother calls thee—gentle dove!

Tread softly where my daughter lies,
With beauty on her soft clos'd eyes;
Like a white rose-bud, Angels keep,
Folded beneath the stars to sleep.

Speak softly near my daughter's bed,
The oak-leaves whisper o'er her head;
Wet with the silent dew, I bring
Flowers—they are love's own offering.

THE CHILD AND THE SNOW-FLAKES.

"Don't hurt it, there 's an angel in it."

"O look, dear Mae—how beautiful!
How fast the snow-flakes fall;
Like doves, they nestle on the top
Of our old elm so tall.
They come so very soft and warm,
So very large and white."
Mae saw, and clapped her little hands,
And shouted with delight;
She stretched her rosy fingers out,
And clasped a flake of snow;
The sister cried—"Don't hurt it, Mae,
An angel's there, I know."

O many, many things we touch,
With hand ungentle, rude,
Would seem to us an angel's home,
If with pure spirit viewed.

In the deep penitential sigh,—
The discipline of woe,—
The aspiration pure and high,—
An angel dwells, I know.

A mother's smile, a mother's prayer,—
Her warning whispered low;—
The memory of a mother's face,—
An angel's there, I know.

The glance, the word, the deed of love,
Oft slighted here below;
Its simplest token, crush it not,—
An angel's there, I know.

TOO LATE.

Too late! too late!
Oh in that sound, what plaintive meaning lies,
Like a reproachful tear in loving eyes;
Sad as the death-note of a wounded bird,
Low by the listn'ning spirit it is heard;
Stirring it sadly with its mournful tone.
E'en like a griev'ing suff'ring infant's moan.

Too late! too late!
How does it fall upon the wand'rer's ear,
As, with a quicken'd step, he draweth near
The darken'd home, where once she used to dwell,
Whose heart was broken when he bade farewell.
Alas! he comes too late—too late to save—
His bitter tears fall on her early grave!

Too late—too late—
Came from a tyrant father's golden store,
The wealth his dying child could prize no more:

Long years of want and woe, their work had done;
Her hopes, her comforts, perish'd one by one;
And now while Angels for her spirit wait,
The stern old man relents—but all too late!

Too late—too late,
Came laurel garlands for the Poets's brow;—
The voice of Fame, it cannot charm him now;
Swan-like his spirit pour'd its sweetest strains
O'er life's dark waters, ne'er to waft again
Tones pure and sweet, but sad as dim woods sighing;
The world pas'd on, and reck'd not he was dying!

Too late—too late,
Came to a famish'd mother, with her child
Clasp'd to her bosom, mid the tempest wild,
Shelter and food;—she slept, but woke no more,
The King's gate entering from beg'ry's door!
From her cold breast look'd up the baby fair,
And toy'd with the long treses of her hair.

Too late, too late,
Pleadeth a father with his erring child,
By the dread wine-fiend bloated and defil'd;

And O, a pang it adds unto despair,
That his example was the tempter there!
He mourns the flame he kindl'd, but in vain—
Tears may not quench it, tho' they fall like rain.

Too late, too late,
Life's sweetest blessings come oft to the heart,
Just as the soul is longing to depart;
Like sunlight falling on a frost-chill'd flower,
To cheer, revive, it has no longer power;
And dew may fall, the tears of holy Eve,
But all too late to bid the blossom live.

But if too late,
O *if* too late we knock at mercy's door,
Where Christ has stood entreating o'er and o'er;
With arms outstrech'd, neath golden portals smiling,
Our sinful hearts in vain from earth beguiling,—
O! if too late we answer to his call,
What are earth's woes, to that last woe of all?

THE ANGEL BY THE HEARTH.

They tell me unseen spirits
Around about us glide;
Beside the stilly waters,
Our erring footsteps guide;
'Tis pleasant thus believing
Their ministry on earth;
I know an Angel sitteth
This moment by my hearth.

If false lights, on life's waters,
To wreck my soul appear,
With finger upward pointing,
She turns me with a tear;
'Twere base to slight the warning,
And count it little worth,
Of her, the loving Angel,
That sitteth by my hearth.

She wins me with caresses,
From passion's dark defiles;

She guides me when I falter,
And strengthens me with smiles.
It may be unseen Angels,
Beside me journey forth;
I know that one is sitting
This moment by my hearth.

A loving wife—O brothers,
An Angel here below;
Alas! your "eyes are holden,"
Too often 'til they go;
Ye upward look while grieving,
When they have pass'd from earth;
O cherish well those sitting
This moment by the hearth.

PLEASANT HOURS.

'Tis pleasant when the Spring days come,
To wander thro' the budding wood,
And listen to the low sweet hum
Of nature, in her joyous mood;

To brush away the crisp brown leaves,
In search of buds that scent the air;
And watch the robin, as she weaves
Her nest amid the branches bare;

To listen to the gushing song,
The bob-o-link sends far and near;
While all the winged tribe prolong,
The joyful chorus—"spring is here."

'Tis pleasant at the close of day,
When clouds in waves of crimson lie,
To watch the red light fade away,
And holy stars appear on high.

When summer's zephyrs fan the face,
Bath'd in the moon's religious light;
And queenly flow'rs in their embrace,
Enfold the blessed tears of night.

'Tis sweet, with one beloved well,
By the cool, rippling beach to stray;
Where murmurs seem to say "farewell!"
Recalling friends long passed away.

'Tis pleasant, when the harvest field
Is merry with the reapers' voice;
And golden ears in plenty yield,
Making the husbandman rejoice;

When myriad insect voices fill
The quiv'ring air with dreamy hum;
And grazing herds, beside the rill,
Are dozing to the beetle's drum;

To seek some cool, delicious nook,
With pleasant thoughts for company;
Or with a pencil, and a book,
Beguile the moments fleeting by.

'Tis pleasant, when the winter storm,
Like hungry wolf, howls through the sleet,
Beside the hearth-stone, bright and warm,
To join with friends in commune sweet;

And trim the light, and pile the fire,
And fill the room with music's power;
'Till thought has nothing to desire,
Save for the wretched in that hour.

'Tis pleasant, when from sickness weak,
To feel a dear hand clasping mine;
And turn, the eyes I love, to seek,
And make his faithful heart a shrine,

Where all my little griefs I pour,
And all my joys, that he may share;
'Till I am sick and sad no more,
With him to soothe and love me there.

'Tis pleasant, when the home-ward bound
Sees first afar the village spire;
And treads again the cherish'd ground,
Where stands the cottage of his sire;

And feels his mother's warm embrace,—
His sister's arms around him twine;
And notes his father's alter'd face
With glist'ning drops of pleasure shine.

The faithful watch-dog licks his hand,
The artful cat purs at his feet;
Returned from a distant land,
The wand'rer feels that home is sweet.

'Tis pleasant, when the heart is sore,
With mem'ries of the faded—lost—
With broken friendships—love no more—
And dear ones on the wide world tost;

With all the vexing cares of life—
With fancied injury—or wrong—
The spirit's ever tearful strife,
With passions that to earth belong;

With folded hands and bended knee,
And upturn'd, longing, tearful eye;
To lift, in heartfelt fervency,
A troubled prayer to God on high.

Then peace steals o'er the spirit tried,
Like dawn upon the darken'd earth;
Mists roll away, and shadows glide;
Until resplendent day has birth.

A REQUIEM.

List ! a death-strain !
There, in her shroud laid
Low, sleeps a lov'd maid ;
Ne'er again,
On the blue summer skies,
To open her loving eyes ;
Ne'er will her gentle voice
Bid my poor heart rejoice.

See—how still !
Cross'd on her white breast,
Calmly her hands rest,
Pale and chill,—
Never to touch again
Her lute's delicious strain ;
Like a soft, clasping vine,
Folded no more in mine.

Dark as woe,
Fringe of her clos'd lid
Where the blue eye's hid;—
Pure as snow,
Smileth her forehead fair,
Shaded by raven hair;
Dark as each jetty tress
Now is my loneliness.

Mournful lute!
Breath a requiem
For a spirit flown;
O then, mute,
Unstrung, ever more be,
Since she is lost to me;
Aye, *break* like my heart lone,
Now all its joy has flown!

Blessed sleep!
Come to these dim eyes
That watch for morn skies,
Watch and weep;
Watch by my darling's bed,
Weep for her spirit fled;
Dark are the azure skies,
Since she has clos'd her eyes.

Blessed sleep !
Balm for the rent soul,
Bind with sweet control,
Eyes that weep ;—
Fall thou like summer rain,
Upon my burning brain ;—
Alone she has left me,—
The angels have bereft me !

A WELCOME TO JUNE.

First-born of Summer-time—beautiful June,
A sweet poem set to melodious tune ;
Azure-eyed pet, on the breast of the year,
Flower crown'd and peerless one—I welcome thee here.

MY SISTER HARRIET.

Sweeter than the Spring-time flowers—
Pleasant e'en as Summer showers—
Gentle as thine eyes of blue,
Where thoughts tender, glimmer through;
Pure as stars at evening met,
Is thy name, dear Harriet.

Link'd, that name, with mem'ries dear—
Forms belov'd, no longer near;
Whisper'd wheresoe'er I roam,
In my heart it has a home;
List'ning it, my eyes are wet,—
Darling name of Harriet.

Cold are words, should I repeat
The love I bear thee Harriet—
Art thou sad? I sorrow too;
Thy low laughter thrills me through,
Lonely is the gayest spot,
Where thou, sister dear, art not.

Clung we ever side by side,
Thus, we'll cling whate'er betide;
And, if I shall lay my head,
First, where willows shade the dead;
Tears of thine the turf will wet,
Darling sister Harriet.

THE RESTORED.

Let me go forth!
Lead me along the foot path through the wood,
Where violets cluster mid the springing grass;
And the glad robin rears her tuneful brood,
And the lake dimples where the zephyrs pass.

Like a young child,
Whose feet are eager with their new found power;
Who totters to his mother with a shout—
Lo, my weak steps pass out, this joyous hour,
From a sick room to the bright earth without.

The free, pure air
Bathes my pale forehead and my wasted cheek;
Its playful fingers lift my heavy hair,
And bring me perfume from the lily meek;
And the spring sun reviveth every where.

Rest with me here :—
This riven oak shall be my antique seat,
Cushioned with moss, and 'broider'd with a vine;
O! how my pulses with a new life beat,
And my heart thrills with rapture half divine!

Once more! once more!
'Mid the green woods it singeth like a bird,
And rises with an anthem to the skies ;—
Father, I thank Thee! Thou my prayer hast heard,
And to thy daughter said again, "Arise."

THEY TELL ME I AM PROUD AND COLD.

They tell me I am proud and cold,
And Friendship's gentle voice despise;
That in my bosom's icy fold
No tender yearnings ever rise.

They say this spirit lone, I bear,
Is tranquil, as are waves asleep;—
They cannot see the anguish there,
For wrecks lie hidden in the deep.

They say the social hearth I shun,
And woman's winning smile and eye;
Oh! 'tis that I remember one,
Beloved well, no longer nigh!

My Mary! soon this spirit lone,
Thou 'lt welcome to thy home of bliss;
To mingle praises with thine own,
Forgetful of the woes of this.

I think of thee when stars shine forth,
Like gentle eyes on nature's sleep;
Then, darling, thou art near the earth,
An angel's watch o'er me to keep.

I see thee in the soft, white cloud,
That floats in graceful beauty by;
The lily by the zephyrs bow'd,
Recalls thine image silently.

'Mid whisp'ring leaves I hear thy voice,
And in the ripple on the shore;
In all things gentle that rejoice,
In all things sweet that sigh, "no more!"

My heart is like a desert lone—
She who was all the verdure there,
The bright oasis all its own,
Leaves but her mem'ry, and despair!

I'd ne'er forget her mild, sweet face,
E'en though 'tis changed now, and cold;
I'd ne'er forget her form of grace,
Her gentle eyes, and locks of gold.

The loving heart I'd ne'er forget,
That beat so constantly for me;
Though with the thought mine eyes are wet,
It is delicious misery.

Then say not that my heart is cold,
For quenchless love is burning there;
And grief, to human ears untold,
My Father gives me strength to bear.

A LEAP-YEAR VALENTINE.

I love him: Cupid bear the words; (remember
'tis leap-year;)
Whisper them gently to his heart, whisper them
in his ear;—
Tell him that a dark-eyed girl watches for him
alone;—
Tell him that his voice to her is music's sweetest
tone;—
Tell him life is exquisite, when he is by her
side;—
Tell him, Cupid, tell him *true*, that she will be
his Bride.

CONSECRATION OF A CEMETERY.

We gather here, we gather here,
Not o'er a new made grave to weep,
Or where the long departed sleep;
But, while the oaks wave green o'er head,
We give their shadows to the dead;
The dead yet dear.

They 'll gather here, the dead so dear;—
The silvery head of age will lie
Beside the infant peacefully;
The strong man and the maiden, sleep,
In slumber dreamless, slumber deep;—
They 'll gather here.

Tread lightly here, tread lightly here;
The dry leaves rustle as we pass;
Their low, sad voices cry, 'Alas!
We once were young, and fair, and bright;
Thus will your lov'd ones pass from sight,
And perish here.'

Speak gently here, speak gently here:—
For He, who Eden's garden trod;
The great, the good, the holy God;
Is with us, viewless, all around,
Upon this consecrated ground;
And angels near.

We all shall come, who now are here,
And lowly lie, and lowly lie;
This calm, sweet Oak-grove, silently,
Will woo the living to the spot;
Oh never be the dead forgot,
Who 'll gather here!

Tread lightly where the lost will sleep,
And stricken ones will come to weep;—
Speak gently in this sacred spot,—
We yield it to the unforgot;—
Our life-links all will soon be riven,—
But wherefore sigh, if in yon heaven
We hope to meet?

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Is there on earth a love so pure,
So strong, so patient to endure,
So constant—changeless, though it meet
No fond return—no token sweet?
E'en though ingratitude may sting,
A mother to her child will cling.

Her loving eyes watch carefully
The helpless days of infancy;
She lingers by her darling's bed,
And lays her soft hand on his head;
She listens to his breathings mild,
And prays that God will bless her child.

And when the white arms of her boy
Are twin'd about her neck in joy;
When words, like broken music, fall,
And little feet pat through the hall;
With gentle hand she guides him on,
And murmurs blessings on her son.

She gazes 'til her thoughtful eyes
Grow softer with the tears that rise;
She fancies all his toil and care,
When manhood marks his forehead fair;
And feels that all things, for his sake,
Her heart could bear, and only break,

If on his name fell guilt and scorn,—
O better, then, were he not born!
When years pass on, and old Time brings
Both joy and sorrow on his wings,
With grateful heart she shares his weal,
And comforts, when she cannot heal.

She watches, if his cheek grows pale,—
She watches, if his glad smile fail,—
She watches, if a sigh he breathes,—
And if he sorrows, then she grieves;
She watches for his safe return,—
Through life, the mother watches on.

My mother, nc'er would I forget,
The love that lives to bless me yet;
I hear it in each tone of thine,—
I see it when thine eye meets mine,—
I feel it in thy cool hand prest
Upon my head in its unrest.

In all my wanderings, I bear
Some token of thy tender care:
A father's love is strong to bless,—
A mother's, it is measureless.

MARGARET.

"The name of Margaret signifies a pearl."

Fair as the lilly's cup is her young face,
Oer which expression plays with witching grace;
Soft are the glances of her eyes of blue,
Like wood-side violets trembling neath the dew;
Lovely as ever won a poet's vow,
The playful arches of each pencil'd brow;
And, like some glossy wing that skims the air,
The soft brown locks upon her forehead fair:
Nor is this all her wealth; her heart is pure,—
Her love enduring, and her friendship sure;
No other riches has this orphan girl,
But she is what her name denotes—a pearl.

OF THEE I DREAM.

The ocean sleeps neath evening skies,
While on its bosom, imag'd fair,
A pure and shining planet lies,
As if a dream were nestled there;
So on my sleep thy face doth beam,—
Beloved one, of thee I dream!

The ocean sleeps neath evening skies,—
How beautiful, how calm, how lone!
What myst'ry in its bosom lies,—
How eloquent its mournful tone;
It tells me, I am far from thee,—
In dreams alone thy face I see.

Our ship, how like a queen she rides
Upon the star reflecting tide;
But I am sad, while on she glides,
For oh! she bears me from thy side!
A darkness o'er my heart doth creep,
Star of its night—dawn on my sleep!

Morn on the waters! golden beams
Flood the blue ocean with their light;
So like the morning, in my dreams,
Beloved one you bless my sight:
Oh that the stars were on the sea,
That I might dream again of thee!

DORA.

Look not for her beside the lake at Even,
By dim old woods, in summer's golden hours;
Unto the angels, gentle Dora's given,—
She sleeps, the weary one, amid the flowers.

Look not for her, O lonely hearted brother;
Seek not with tears thy darling sister, now;
Orphans! how closely, clung ye to each other,—
Two fragile leaves upon a stricken bough!

I know in sleep she dawns upon thy vision,—
Her soft blue eyes look on thee as of yore;
You clasp her hand, and then, from dreams Elysian,
Awake to feel, that she is here no more.

Look not for her, O husband pale and tearful,—
Through orange-groves her feet no more will stray ;
Leaning on thee, with converse sweet and cheerful,
Look not for her—thy Dora's pass'd away.

Vain were soft zephyrs,—so they bore her, dying,
Back to the Northern home she yearn'd to see ;
And now, mid whisp'ring oaks, and flowers, she's lying,
While birds, above her, make rich melody.

They miss her by the hearth, the board ; wherever
She sat with them, her absence bringeth pain ;
She comes to them no more, no more forever—
But joy ! oh joy ! she 's met the lost again !

A father's arms, a mother's, now enfold her ;
How sweet to meet them on the spirit shore—
Within our hearts alone, can we now hold her,
We weep, but oh her tears, her tears are o'er !

THE BLIND MINSTRELS.

A group of faces—young, but O not glad,
O'ershadow'd as with years ;
A gush of music, low and sweet and sad,
As if 'twas full of tears !

I hear those voices in the forest lone—
The plaining of the wind ;
The sad farewell to hopes forever flown,—
The music of the Blind.

"O death in life!" green woods and blossoms fair,
And faces dear and kind,
Veil'd from the sight :—with sunshine every where,
How dreadful to be blind !

Blind ! blind ! the windows of the spirit dark,
Draped with a starless night !
The yearning soul once singing like a lark,—
O Father ! give it light !

And give them strength to bear this heavy woe
Which Thou hast sent in love;
Though drear the way, it is not far to go—
Light—light for them above!

MY CHILD.

I have a rosy, black-eyed pet,—
One darling bud alive;
When Spring-time brings the violet,
His years will number five.

He's changeful as an April day,
As gentle as its showers;
As loving as the breath of May,
Amid the dewy flowers.

His white arms 'round my neck he'll wreathe,
And call me 'Darling Mother';
He hugs me 'till I scarcely breathe,—
In sweets, I almost smother.

With ringlets flying, off he hies,
Adown the garden aisle;
Chasing the golden butterflies,
That coquet all the while.

He nears them now with merry shout,
His dimpl'd hands extended;
But darting off, they dance about;—
His first bright dream is ended!

He frolics, and the old house rings,
His silvery laughter leaping;
'Til with the day, he folds his wings,—
My little Spring-bird's sleeping!

He calls me "pet names" when I grieve,
And if I chide, he weeps;
O how his little heart doth heave,
When storms are on its deeps!

For childhood has its weight of pain,
Its sorrows brief, but keen;
The insect laden with a grain,
Could bear no more, I ween.

His future lot I may not know—
O Father! hear my prayer;
Save him from sin, and bitter woe,—
I trust him in Thy care;

And thank Thee, Thou hast lain so fair
A flow'r upon my bosom;
Few years it has been growing there,
Just five, when violets blossom.

OCTOBER.

The pleasant days are here again,
The sweet October days,
Rejoicing in the golden sun,
And welcoming his rays;
The woods throw off their faded green,
And clad in gala dress
Of every brilliant rainbow hue,
Wave in their stateliness.

The opening burr reveals the nut,
Securely shelter'd there;
And orchards bend beneath the weight
Of fruit so ripe and fair;
The farmers gather in their wealth,
And strip the yellow corn,
While huntsmen, eager for the chase,
Make musical the morn.

And though the garden looks forlorn,
With wither'd blossoms spread,
Like hopes that live a single hour,
And then are faded—dead;
Yet, brightly o'er the ruins there,
The queenly dahlia bends,
A benediction, pure and warm
Above her dying friends.

The crimson berries of the rose,
'Mid white chrysanth'ums shine;
And marigolds and zinnias
With evergreens entwine.
The summer clouds at set of sun,
Glow in the deep'ning gray;
E'en so the sunset of the flow'rs,
So gorgeous 'mid decay.

Sweet month, when gather'd 'round the hearth,
Beside the evening fire,
We talk of all that Summer gave,
And all her gifts admire;
And, garner in our grateful hearts,
The mem'ry of her sweets,
Her wild-flowers and her singing-birds,
Her shady, cool retreats;

Then of the Winter drawing near,—
His robes of glit'ring snow;
Of sleigh-bells ringing on the air,
As merrily they go;—
But though each month some joy imparts,
In God's appointed ways;
Yet none are dearer to my heart,
Than these October days.

THE SISTER'S SONG.

O sisters—sisters! I have been
Where we in childhood dwelt,—
The old home by the mountain side,
Where morn and eve we knelt;
The shining poplars, now, as then,
Are waving by the door,
The maple wears its Autumn robe
Of crimson, as of yore;
The deep well, with its mossy curb,
Is standing, as of old;
And the grey bucket drips its wealth
Adown the stones so cold.

I walked along the garden paths,
Where once we used to run,
With footsteps like the startled doe's,
And hearts o'erfull of fun;
I linger'd neath the cherry tree
Our father prun'd with care;
And wept, for he—the loving group—
Ah me! they were not there!
I wandered to the chestnut grove,
The ripe nuts strewed the ground,—
The little squirrels scampered off,
At e'en the slightest sound.

And there, through the delicious morn,
Of Indian summer weather,
I filled my apron with the nuts,
As when we went together.
I dream'd I was a child again,
Beside my mother's knee;
Or bounding through the forest paths
With footsteps glad and free;
My heart, rock'd gently on the waves
Of pleasant mem'ries, sung,
As when we went a nutting there,
When you and I were young.

Ah, sisters, darlings,—it is vain,
This yearning for the past!
I will be grateful for the good,
Along my pathway cast;
For gratitude, and cheerfulness,
Will change all things to gold:—
With Love, the angel, in my heart,
That never will grow old;
And though Time weave a silver thread
In every silken tress;
I'll try to find some gift of God's,
To succor and to bless.
Then we'll not mourn the days long gone,
Our childhood's friends so dear;
But cling the closer to the loved,
That Time has left us here.

NUNIE.

One year ago! one year ago!
'Twas spring-time, e'en as now,—
The gold-finch swings as gracefully
Upon the linden bough:
The merry swallows shine like gems,
Amid the vines green rings;
The deep dark ivy now, as then,
Beside the casement clings.
The loving Southern zephyrs, sweep
Delicious perfumes near;
But O! I bow my head and weep;
For Nunie is not here.

One year ago—one year ago
That was her very chair;
The noon sun thro' the lattice ting'd
With gold her chestnut hair;
This is the table where she wrote,
And yon, her snowy bed;
Her white hand clasp'd this little book,—

'Twas here she sat and read.
I know the holy angels keep
The flower to us so dear;
But O! I bow my head and weep,
For Nunie is not here.

I saw her cheek pale day by day,
Her steps grow slow and weak;
Yet all her sufferings she bore,
With spirit strong and meek;
We sought with her our bay-side home
When summer days drew nigh;
But ere the grape was tinged with red,
We laid her down to die.
Like a tired child she fell asleep,
While angels waited near;
At rest—O wherefore should I weep,
That Nunie is not here?

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor."
PSALMS.

Go forth—go forth!
Want, misery, the by-ways tread;
The little ones cry out for bread,
Amid our mirth;—
The starving ones of our own land,
O reach to them a helping hand!

Stern Winter—lo!—
He sends the wild winds in their wrath,
To cut o'er wood and wave a path;
The joyous flow,
Of rill, and gurg'ling brook, are still;—
They but obey our Father's will.

Then, while ye rest
On 'broider'd cushions, rich and rare,
O turn not coldly from the prayer
For help address'd!
I envy not the rich man's fate,
If want pleads vainly at his gate.

O, as ye close
At Eve, around the glowing hearth,
Think of the poor upon the earth;
As God bestows,
Of wealth and comfort, freely give;
" 'Tis blessed, more than to receive."

On angel's wings,
Fly to the toil-spent neighbors's cot,
Where Hope and Joy are names forgot;
Thy offerings,
Spread on the table scant and bare,—
Kindle want on the cold hearth, there;

Then, will thy name,
From poverty's chill dwelling rise
On grateful incense to the skies,
From hearts that claim
For deeds of good, a guerdon sure,—
E'en blessings that foraye endure.

MINE IN HEAVEN.

Lift up the sweeping fringes of thine eyes,
Those twilight eyes that haunt me e'en in dreams;
What wealth of tenderness within them lies,—
The pure soul through them beams.

Sing to me yet;—O how I love that strain,
So like the wind-harp's sweetest plaintive tone;
Thrilling my heart with a delicious pain,
Like mem'ries of hopes flown.

The room is darken'd when thou art not here,
Stay—for all light and joy go forth with thee;—
Vain—vain this worship! wherefore art thou dear?
'Tis the heart's mystery.

Thou art mine own—but O, not here—not here—
Death like a shadow cometh to divide;
But in yon Heaven, by the waters clear,
I'll linger by thy side.

Lift up the fringes of thy twilight eyes,
In dreams I saw thine image ere we met;
I will await thee, darling,—in the skies—
Mine—but not yet—not yet.

SORROW.

"He who has most of heart, knows most of sorrow."
BAILEY.

Over the spirit it cometh,
Cheerless and dark and cold;
Like a solemn bird it broodeth,
And its dim wings unfold;
Unfold to shadow the spirit,
Trembling beneath their night;
A night with no star to cheer it,—
Night with no gleam of light.

There's woe for the heart that loveth,—
Its cherish'd ones will die!
Woe—woe for the heart that trusteth,
For storm-clouds hover nigh!
And wreck'd is each darling treasure,
Wreck'd each enchanting hope;
Wreck'd—wreck'd on the heart's deep waters,
Each sinking, wailing Hope!

O where shall the aching spirit
Rest from its fearful strife?
O where shall the shuddering spirit

Hide from the storms of life?
There's rest, to our Father clinging,
Safety alone near Him;
There, Lark-like the heart upspringing,
May sing, though its sky be dim.

CHEER UP.

Cheer up—cheer up!—though life has days,
November days, I ween;
When the lone heart wails like the wind,
And nothing bright is seen;
When smiles come faintly to the lips,
And eyes glance mournfully;
And Hope seems like a faded leaf,
Just clinging to the tree;

Yet, smile—cheer up!—new hopes and joys,
Within thy heart will spring;
And He, whose love is over all,
A spirit-balm will bring.

Cheer up, nor wear a clouded brow,
Thy home with gloom to fill;
Thank God for past and present good,
And brood not o'er the ill.

CAROLINE.

"Come home ! there is a sorrowing breath
In music, since ye went."

MRS. HEMANS.

Come Lina, come!
The hearth you brightened now is lone,
And sadness breathes in every tone,
My sister dear, since thou art gone.

Come Lina, come!
Thy merry laugh—I hear it now;
And the soft ringlets o'er thy brow,
I see them in their graceful flow.

Come Lina, come!
Thy light steps, azure-eyed, I miss;
Thy voice o'erfull of mirthfulness,—
Thy warm heart's clasping tenderness.

Come Lina, come !
E'en music's breath is sorrowful,
Since thou, who touched the chords so well,
Hast left their echo like a knell.

Come Lina, Come!
The birds to sunny climes have flown,—
The sweet flowers dead, and I am lone,—
Come back to me mine own—mine own!

THE MAIDEN'S REPLY.

A lady, in reply to a message from her lover who had been cruelly maimed and disfigured in battle, Said, "Tell him that while he has body enough to contain his soul, I am his."

Forsake him! while his noble heart
Is beating in its frame?
Disfigur'd though the mortal part,
I'll love him still the same.

The same? oh no! but better, now
That sorrow is his own;
Since suff'ring paled his lips and brow,
The light from mine hath flown.

Forsake him? does the lily die
When lash'd the waters crest?
She turns to it her loving eye,
And slips into its breast.

Turn from him? does the vine forsake
The tempest-riven oak?
From its broad arms it doth not break,
But groweth o'er the stroke.

Come to me love—I'll wipe away
The tear-mist from thine eyes,—
Of thee I dream, for thee I pray,—
My spirit to thee flies.

Come to me love—thou shalt forget
The strife, the battle's roll;
Thine, if remains a fragment yet
To hold thy noble soul.

CRY OF THE FAMISHING IRISH.

"O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

We're starving! we perish! our little ones die;
The wail of the mother ascendeth on high;
Moveless and ghastly the strong man is sleeping,
The wife of his bosom beside him a weeping;
Their babe nestling close to her torn heart doth lie,
But the fountain that nourish'd it now is dry.
Help! bread for the famishing, wildly we cry,—
Bread! bread for our children! O bread, or we die!

Ye nobles of England look on us and weep,—
Dejected, down-trodden, we sigh while ye sleep;
Your palaces glitter in crimson and gold,—
Forget not the starving—the perishing—cold!
Your fair daughters sparkling with jewels, pass by,—
We ask but the crumbs 'neath your tables that lie;
The blood of your breth'ren cries up from the sod,—
'Help! help in the name of a merciful God!'

O home of the exile—thou land o'er the sea ;
The wretched of Erin turn fondly to thee ;
We come with our children, we come with our sires,—
A place by your altars—room, room by your fires!
Our people are falling like leaves in a storm,—
The maid sits embracing her lover's cold form;
Like doves, to the ark, o'er the waters we flee,
To the land bless'd of God—America, to thee.

THE CAPTIVE DEER.

Deer from the forests, pine—
Standing so statue-like, so mourful there,
Thy graceful head upraised to sniff the air,
Tell me, what dreams are thine ?

Wildly thy soft brown eyes,
Their suppliant glances turn upon mine own,
As if to say, 'O, all is here unknown,—
Where are my own blue skies ?

'Where the Savannas' green,
And the Magnolia, to the zephyrs giving
Her perfumed lips ; and countless flow'rets springing,
The tangled vines between ?

'Mid-Spring's glorious brow,
With orange-buds and blossoms garlanded,—
A crown of sunlight sparkling on her head,—
O say—where is she now?

In the first blush of morn,
When joyously the gentle fawns are bounding,
No longer am I startled by the sounding
Of the gay huntsman's horn.

I'd list it yet again—
Though it bring fear—though it bring even danger,
So with my own, I might dwell a ranger,
By streamlet, wood, and plain.

Will ye not loose my bands?
I thirst, I pant for freedom! but in vain!
Swift as the wind,—free as the wild bird's strain,
I'd seek my native lands.

Alas! a captive I!
Far from the dim wood where my doe reposes,
Far from the sunny land of vines and roses,
In this bleak clime, I die!

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